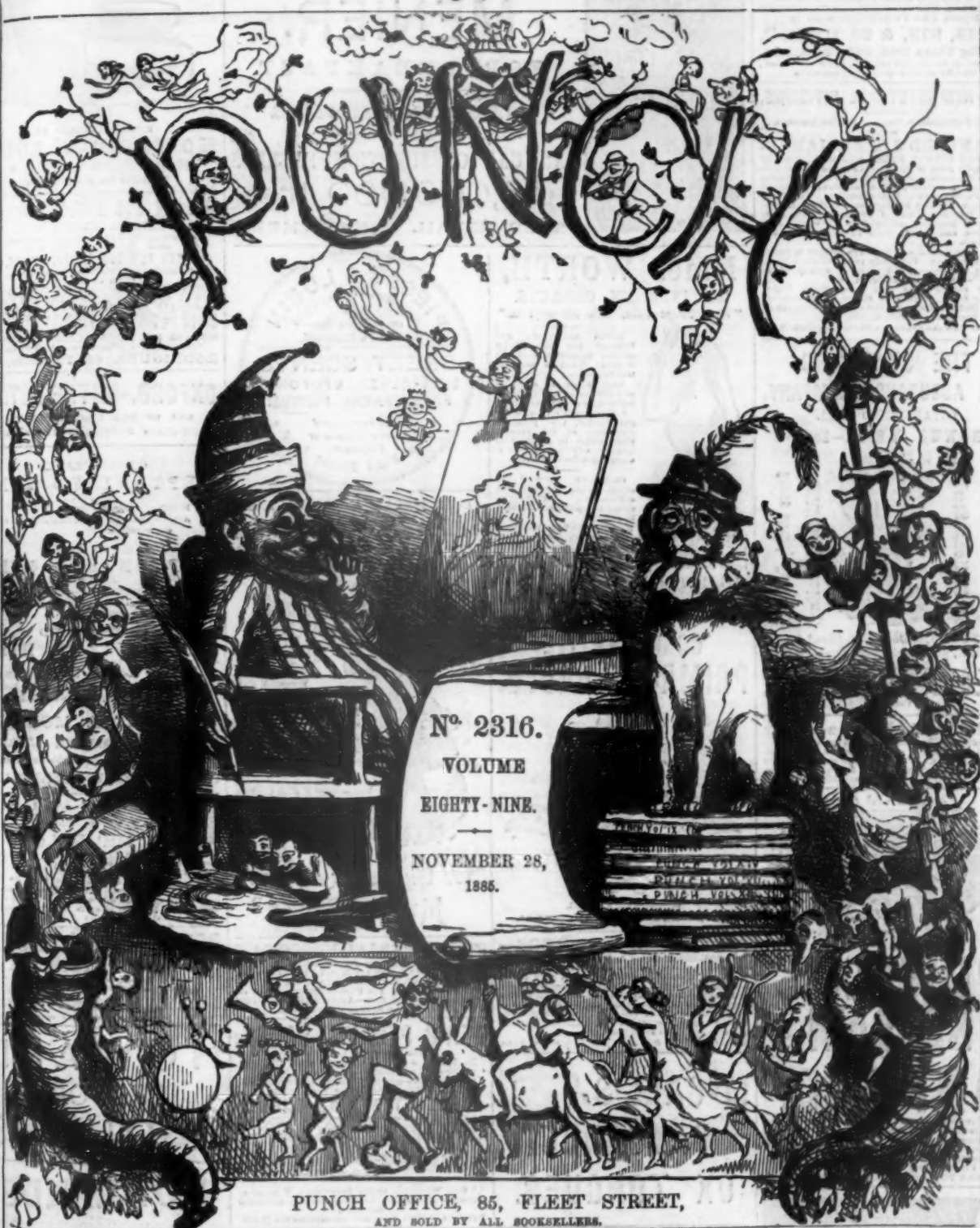


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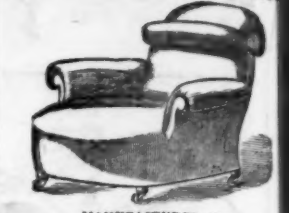


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Bradbury, Ag'ny you, and "Come, Penny!"



Mac Swell. Mac Millin'.



Smith and 'eld 'er. Chat O! and Windows.

HUM OF BEE.

"SPURIOUS HONEY.—The adulteration and falsification of honey is carried on in an unusually barefaced manner."—*Medical Press and Circular.*

How to cheat you of your money,
Friends, the latest dodge beware,
Lest you purchase bogus honey,
And the vendors have you there.
Clear-drawn treacle, in addition,
Simple syrup—that is all,
There you get the composition
Which impostors "honey"
call!

"Best New Honey." In the
middle
Of a jar a comb you see,
Drained, and meant your eye to
diddle.
All that's from the humming Bee,
Humbug, that for honey passes
With the simple, soft, and green,
Credulous, conning classes,
Sold, besides, with "butterine."

A CRY FROM EPPING FOREST.

I WANT to thank you, good Mr. Punch, for what you have said on our behalf. Things have lately gone very hard with us. We felt they were really beyond a joke.

For hundreds and hundreds of years, we fallow Deer have had free range of Epping Forest. When the Ancient Britons were mere beginners, we were here. Since time was, the Forest has been "fallow" ground. What is happening to us now no Fallow can understand! Dear Mr. Punch we are not being killed—that would be merciful, and we are but venison. At the Civic "hunts" you have heard about we are literally tortured to death. Does the thing your City calls its Corporation possess bowels of compassion? If it is not quite callous to the agony inflicted in its name, it will stop, once and for ever, the ghastly "sport" of the past season.

My Sire lies rotting in the Forest. Flying one morning last September before a band of yelling beaters, one of his legs was smashed below the knee by a Cockney "sportman's" chance shot. My lamed Sire made for a near brook, flowing through a deep hollow in the wood. Here at night we came to him. The ball had smashed the bone to splinters. At first he crept from place to place along the brook, leaving a track of blood. Then, as the wound grew worse, he lay in the deepest water, and died on the fifth day. Some nights after this, when we came we found the body. I wish some City "buck" could be made to endure a tithe of my Sire's sufferings.

A FOREST FAWN.

THE DISESTABLISHER'S DIARY.

Coming Extracts from—According to the Prophets.

VOTED last night for the third reading of the "Church of England Disestablishment and Disendowment Bill." Scene in the House exciting. Great anxiety as to what line the G. O. M. would take at the last moment. When he rose, it was known that the majority was safe, if not overwhelming, and upon HARCOURT whispering this to him, he determined on his course. Peroration magnificent. "What was," he said, "but a few short months ago looming vaguely in the dim and distant future has suddenly burst upon us, luminous and clear in the distinct and pressing present." Then he beat round beautifully and acknowledging the magnitude of the responsibility, confessed himself quite willing to accept it. He closed amid ringing cheers. The result, a majority of 136. So that question is settled for good and aye. On my way home, threw a brickbat through the Vicar's study-window, just to celebrate the event, and give him a foretaste of to-morrow's news.

Controversy still hot as to the best way of appropriating the surplus of the two hundred and fifty millions realised by the sale of Church property. "The National and Educational Music Halls for the People" scheme, with free drink up to sixpence, and admission gratis, seems not half-bad, and as a chastening progressive social factor ought to work well. Might be amended, perhaps, in Committee.

Being Sunday, looked in this afternoon into Westminster Abbey, to see how the old place strikes one under its new conditions. Effect curious at first. Little tea and coffee-tables in rows right away up the nave strike one as quaint and almost out of place, but the eye soon grows familiar with them. Building fairly full of loungers. Has been leased for three years to the "Westminster Intellectual Sunday Improvement League," and they are apparently trying a tentative and not altogether unattractive programme. When I looked in, somebody with a stick was lecturing from the pulpit on the habits of the Megatherium, illustrated by diagrams let down in front of the screen. People not very much interested. The whole entertainment enlivened by occasional performances on the organ of Old English Airs and selections from popular Comic Operas, the latter, when recognised, being accompanied by the audience. On coming out, found the Dean, surrounded by one or two Minor Canons, holding forth to a large but decently-behaved mob on the iniquity of the whole thing, within the railings of the enclosure. He appeared to be denouncing the League, and sending round his hat for half-pence. General attitude of the public apathetic. Took St. Paul's on my way home. Heard a bit of a discourse from a popular Atheist. It did not seem to go down. Benches pretty well empty. Thought I saw LIDON behind a column taking notes, so perhaps he will reply in a letter to to-morrow's Times. Shall look out.

Disturbances of dispossessed Country Clergy appear to continue. Meeting of several thousand at Stoke Poges, under the presidency of a Rural Dean, to protest against "the confiscation of the sacred fabrics," dispersed, after the reading of the Riot Act by the local military. Suppose something ought to be done for them. But what? Great dissatisfaction expressed by agricultural poor at the disappearance of the coal, blanket, clothing, and benefit clubs that have vanished everywhere with the country vicars and their wives. They don't seem to accept the National Country Inquiry Committee's Agent as an equivalent, although, on investigation, he is empowered to render temporary assistance in extreme cases of necessity, when he meets with them. The abolishing of the Country Clergy has undoubtedly opened up a perplexing problem for solution.

Things seem to be going very hard with Church dignitaries. Was much shocked this morning to see a bevy of Bishops, in their worn-out aprons and battered shovel-hats, parading the street, and joining in the chorus, "We've got no work to do." I sent them out a loaf of bread and a shilling, and they seemed, poor fellows! quite grateful. Really, if I had fully taken in all the dire consequences of Disestablishment, I do not think I should have voted for it. However, what is done is done, and there's no help for it. But it is a sad thing to think those Bishops will, in all probability, come on to the rates. Such a future is indeed dim, but, I fear, not distant!

Some Fruits.

[The St. James's Gazette says that nothing more is now demanded than that there should be a thorough overhauling of the fruits of Free Trade.]

"FRUITS"? Those of Protection would speedily come,
And their nature all men in advance may divine:
The Capitalist might make sure of a "plum,"
But the fruit for the Poor would be "pine."



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PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

"A JOURNAL KEPT BY DICK DOYLE
IN 1840."

'Tis more than forty years ago,
The world was not so old, you know,
And we were young—I fancy so—
And life was fresh and vernal:
Years, years before one used to see,
In *Punch*, the monogram "R.D.,"
Or, *Mr. Pips his Diary*—
Was written *Dick Doyle's Journal*!

Here cunning youthful fingers trace,
A scene, a show, a well-known place,
A character, a form, a face,
With quaint remark diurnal:
What graceful fancy and what heart!
What truth, what humour, and what
Art!

And all that Genius can impart,
We find in *Dick Doyle's Journal*!

Shrewd is the Artist and exact:
It would appear he could extract
From passing folly, fashion, fact,
The essence and the kernel:
And, as you linger o'er the page,
That chronicles a bygone age,
You'll leave no picture, I'll engage,
Unscanned in *Dick Doyle's Journal*!

'Mid "Journals," I have ne'er found
one
Throughout so admirably done;
So full of honest, boyish fun,
And spirits sempiternal!
There's not a page that's dull or dry—
A book you ought at once to buy—
So quick to SMITH & ELDER fly,
And order *Dick Doyle's Journal*.

"KIND INQUIRIES."

A CORRESPONDENT having called Lord HARTINGTON's attention to a speech by the Tory Candidate for West Cramtown, in which his Lordship was stated to be a "Communist in disguise, and a secret friend of all the most desperate of the Continental Nihilists," Lord HARTINGTON's Secretary writes that his Lordship is glad to supplement the information given. Not only is he a Communist and Nihilist, but he was the person who set fire to the Tuileries, murdered the late Czar, and materially assisted GUY FAWKES in his spirited but premature attempt to introduce the *Cloître* into Parliament.

A Gentleman in Essex has written the following letter to Mr. BRIGHT:—

SIR.—Is it or is it not a fact that a prisoner at Portland in the years 1843-6 had exactly the same Christian and surname as yourself? Is it also a fact that on one occasion when Mr. CORDEN and yourself were both to address a meeting on Free Trade, you purposely elbowed that gentleman, pretending that it was a pure accident, over the edge of the platform, whereby he sustained a fracture of the knee-cap, all in order that you might occupy first place in the attention of your audience? As my uncle's father-in-law knew a man who was at the meeting, you see my information is indisputably correct.

Yours indignantly,

A BIRMINGHAM ELECTOR.

Mr. BRIGHT has forwarded the following reply:—

Rochdale, Nov.

SIR.—You are evidently some new form of jackass. Mr. CORDEN never had a fracture of the knee-cap in his life. JOHN BRIGHT.

A Correspondent, having invited Mr. GLADSTONE "to explain, if he can, the fact that he is at the present moment the part-owner of valuable Gold Mines, in the neighbourhood of Widdin, which accounts for his disapproval of the Servian invasion of that province," has received a reply to this effect:—

"Mr. GLADSTONE begs to acknowledge the letter from a Gentleman signing himself, 'NOT TO BE HUMBUGGED EASILY.' He has made it a rule never to answer silly calumnies of any sort, and only does so now because he finds it impossible to adhere to his rule for more than five consecutive minutes. Mr. GLADSTONE is surprised at the state-

ments of his Correspondent. At this period of the electoral contest he will not allow himself to be dragged into a discussion on Gold Mines, or any other mines. He may, however, adduce one or two reasons why his Correspondent's assertion is *a priori* improbable. In Mr. GLADSTONE's belief, Bulgarian Law does not admit of part-ownership of any kind; he, moreover, is not aware that there are Gold Mines in the vicinity of Widdin, but on this point expresses no decided opinion. If all these arguments are inconclusive, he finally says, what perhaps might have been placed at the beginning of this communication, that as a matter-of-fact he does not own, or part-own, Gold Mines near Widdin, or anywhere else, and the statement that he does so, is false."

The subjoined correspondence has also been sent to us for publication:—

To the Right Hon. the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.

MY LORD,

I WISH to address to you a pertinent inquiry. One who knows, because he was there, tells me that at the recent banquet at Guildhall, you were distinctly heard to say, when the toast of HER MAJESTY's health was being drunk,—“That's one cheer too many.” Such a disloyal remark from the professed Champion of the Constitution needs no comment from,

Yours threateningly,

AVENGER.

The Marquis of SALISBURY has replied as follows:—

Hatfield, Nov. 18.

SIR.—The incident was this. Three hearty cheers were given in the usual way, and some unauthorised person attempted a fourth. This gave rise to a jocose observation from myself, in which I am unable to see anything approaching disloyalty, and I regard your inquiry as rather impertinent than pertinent.

Yours obediently,

SALISBURY.

To this the same Correspondent has replied that "he isn't at all satisfied with the explanations given, and as soon as he can get leave from the authorities of the establishment where he resides, he will come and personally explain to the Marquis his reasons."

The Secretary of the noble Marquis has forwarded this latter communication to the Governor of Colney Hatch, with a request that he will exercise greater supervision in future over the epistolary vagaries of the lunatics under his care.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.



WAITING! What will it be, the issue?
How will the new threads interweave
Into the old diplomatical tissue?

Will it, as optimist Tories believe,
Bring back their BENJAMIN'S "spirited" policy?
Or must they reckon with WILLIAM again?
Will British Voters the Radicals' folly see?

Or will they flock in Midlothian's train?
Is the old glamour exhausted and impotent,
Or does its wielder retain the old spell?

E'en over "vistas most distant and dim" potest?
None may divine—yet a short time will tell.

So then they wait all expectant. The Iron One
Grimly inquisitive, firm in his faith
That, of all perils and plagues that environ one,
Weak vacillation brings surest of seethe.

Austria, too, with an eye upon OTTO,
Wonders and watches. The Turk humbly hangs;
"Dog may eat dog" is his time-honoured motto,
His only task's to keep clear of their fangs.
Moody the Muscovite, furtive as Bruin
Eager for honey, but dreading the sting;
Brooding o'er schemes which the Verdict may ruin,
Hopes that the issue may shoot on the wing.
Lithe Lady France looketh vigilant. Verily
Much, for them all, on this case may depend;
If it goes one way some schemes will run merrily,
If in the other, some plans will find end.
Had they their way they would settle it readily,
Then were the Verdict conclusion foregone;
But British Judges try calmly and steadily,
And British Juries have ways of their own!

THE BOOK OF BADMINTON.

A REMARKABLE series of volumes on "Sports and Pastimes"—vice STRUTT's, obsolete—has recently been commenced. It is intended to be the standard English work on the subject, being written by undeniably competent authorities, and edited by a trio whose names alone will be a sufficient guarantee for the correctness of its general information, and for its strict accuracy in matters of detail. The title of this series, *The Badminton Library of Sports and Pastimes*, was naturally enough suggested by the place whence proceeded its first inspiration, Badminton, the home of the Mighty Hunter, His Grace the Duke of BEAUFORT, K.G.

Three volumes have already appeared—the first on Hunting, the second on Fishing, and the third on the same topic. The dedication to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, signed "BEAUFORT," and the Preface, signed by "the Editor," being repeated at the commencement of each volume, on the principle, we suppose, that it is impossible to have too much of a good thing. The series, as a whole, is announced as "Edited by His Grace the Duke of BEAUFORT, K.G., assisted by ALFRED E. T. WATSON," who ought to have been raised to the rank of a Baronet for the occasion, as from the Duke of BEAUFORT, K.G., to plain ALFRED E. T. WATSON is rather a drop, though it would have looked better if the name of the untitled, but talented assistant, had been printed as "ALFRED WATSON, E. T.," which would have balanced the "K.G." However, ALFRED the Little prefers to be 'umble and to "assist" His Grace.

The Hunting volume is announced as written by the Duke of BEAUFORT, K.G., and MOWBRAY MORRIS. It is enriched by contributions from the Earl of SUFFOLK and BERKSHIRE, two single gentlemen rolled into one, the Rev. E. W. L. DAVIES (glad to see that a Sporting Parson still remains. Is it to this Contributor we owe the strictures on his prototypes, the hunting Abbots and sporting Bishops of the thirteenth century?), DIGHT COLLINS, and the ubiquitous ALFRED WATSON, E. T. Of course this volume, as one of the series, must also have been edited by the Duke and his trusty henchman. The Duke is a deservedly popular M.F.H., and the type of a genuine English Sportsman. His talented Assistant-editor and Contributor, ALFRED, is Editor of the *Sporting and Dramatic News*, and author of *Hunting Sketches*, knowing equally as much of Sport as he does of the Drama; and being also, or having been till recently, the Musical Critic on the *Standard*, a better man for a five-barred gate (with crotchets and quavers in it) could not well be imagined. How he would take an Oratorio in his stride, jump in and out of a Fantasia, and follow every note of music in true workmanlike style! With his keen dramatic and sporting eye he would tell you whether a musical piece was well mounted or not; and, taking him all round, we may say that, in spite of his being on the *Standard*, there couldn't be a fitter man for the post. His Grace's collaborateur in this volume on Hunting is MOWBRAY MORRIS, an Oxonian sportsman, whose undergraduate experiences qualify him to get through what he can't get over; he was the Dramatic Critic on the *Times*, is a distinguished *Quarterly Reviewer*, Editor of *Macmillan's*, author of an excellent compilation of poetic extracts, and the inventor of the phrase "Chicken and champagne criticisms," which so annoyed some actors and journalists.

The Drama, therefore, as we have shown, is very well represented in this work on Hunting, MOWBRAY and ALFRED being Dramatic Critics, and his Grace having been long known as a staunch patron of the Drama, which, *a propos* of horsey subjects, may be reckoned as one of the Duke's Hobbies. We were, therefore, a little surprised at not finding any mention of the Hunt as performed at Hengler's, or the Equestrian Drama at Sanger's, nor any allusion to the history of

Ducrow's, Batty's, or Astley's in the first volume, or at least, in that chapter of it which is mainly—and tail-ly—devoted to "The Horse." It is a thousand pities that Mr. HENRY NEVILLE was not asked to contribute, as he could recount some stirring experiences on and off his charger during the run of *Human Nature*,—a run far longer than any recounted in this work, or any other on Hunting. However, every distinguished contributor couldn't have had a hand in the series, or even in the Library of Duca! Badminton there would not have been shelves sufficient for the books.

The Dedication is to "one of the best and keenest sportsmen of our time," H.R.H., who excels, it appears, in "extricating himself from a crowd."—of course, the crowd never will get out of H.R.H.'s way; in "taking a line of his own,"—why did he not write several "lines of his own" in this book?—in "knocking over driven grouse, and partridges, and high-rocketing pheasants, in first-rate workmanlike style," in a hard-blowing wind; in being "a good yachtsman,"—it does not say anything about the hard-blowing wind in this case; in his "encouragement of racing," and in his attendance at Cricket Matches,—in being, in fact, "like most English Gentlemen, fond of all manly sports." And a great compliment this from his Grace.

Then comes "The Preface" signed by the Editor, K.G., presumably assisted by ALFRED WATSON, E. T. There's some roughish ground to get over here. For instance:—

"It is to point the way to success to those who are ignorant of the sciences they aspire to master, and who have no friend to help or coach them, that these volumes are written."

Where was the talented friend "to help and coach" the Editor K.G. in the above instance? Here's a little easier going:—

"To those who have worked hard to place simply and clearly before the reader that which he will find within."

The noble Editor then gracefully alludes to the "courtesy of the Publisher,"—what on earth did he do? Come down to Badminton himself, and wait in the hall for the "copy"? Did he hold the Duke's stirrup, or, when he saw His Grace mounted, did he courteously refrain from making any cockneyish suggestion as to "getting inside and pulling down the blinds"? The "courtesy of the publisher" bothers us. The Editor K.G. recognises "the unfinishing, indefatigable assistance of the Sub-Editor,"—that is ALFRED WATSON, E. T. But from what might he have "finched"? a fence, a post and rails, a stone-wall, a brook, the MS. score of

an opera, or the liquor after a hard day's hunting? But it's very nice and affable of His Grace, whether he is His Grace before or after meals, and the "indefatigable" and "unfinishing" ALFRED E. T. must be highly delighted. That he will end his indefatigable and unfinishing career by being introduced to H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, raised to a Peerage, made Lord Chamberlain, Master of the Buckhounds, Licensor of Plays, and President of the Royal College of Music, may be regarded as little less than a certainty.

The Duke and MOWBRAY MORRIS are responsible for the first volume; and, of course, in a general way, so is always the Indefatigable and Unfinishing One. The occasional transition from "We" to "I" gives a reality to the narrative; and the explanation as to why the singular has been substituted for the plural comes late, but is as naïve as it is satisfactory, especially to the uninitiated reader, who is ignorant as to which "I" of the many contributing Egos is addressing him. The "unfinishing and indefatigable" One, no doubt, had plenty to do. The pace was too good for him now and then; and here is evidently something that escaped the wary ALFRED E. T.:—

"Now any sportsman, of average intelligence, who thinks of this, will, I dare say, come to the conclusion that an hour after hounds have left a covert any hounds left, if they were hunting a fox, will have rattled him out of covert, and no longer be there."

And just above this, on the same page, is another variety of



THREE JOLLY BADMINTON BOYS.

classic Badminton mixture. The Indefatigable One had had a hard day of it, he was nodding on his Pegasus, and this passed him without his seeing it:—

"In the first place, it was as regards going away that which I have above written as the prevailing system now."

But besides these gems in a Ducal Coronet, this first volume is full of good things, racy old sporting anecdotes, valuable information, amusing remarks on Sportmen's troubles, and some interesting chapters on Stag and Otter hunting.

Messrs. STURGEON and J. CHARLTON have done some spirited illustrations, and there are two or three by an Artist whose signature is "A. B." which, for "go," are equal to anything in the book; but, oddly enough, in the picture of the huntsman leaping, there is a signal instance of "thrusting the feet forward," which is singled out for reprobation by the Ducal writer at page 203. His Grace, like H. R. H., can evidently take a line of his own; not easy to follow him here. The illustrations outside suggest good sport for the readers, as the covers are not drawn blank. On the whole, a very promising series. We shall next take a dip into Vols. II. and III., among the Anglers. The Three Jolly Badminton Boys ought to have begun with the Fish, and then gone to the Meets. But they haven't, and so we take the goods the Duke & Co. provide.

ROBERT VERSUS ROBERTS.



H, well, things is coming to a pretty pass with some on us, things is. There seems for to be a new race of inquiring minds a springing up, as goes about a finding out all the most secret of secrets, and the most delioatest of fax, and the most honnerablest of hunderstandings, and then re-wals 'em all to a grinning and creverent Public for the small charge of a penny! Where its to stop I'm sure as I don't no, tho I don't see as how it can go much farder than it has jest gone. How our good and kind employer Mr. ROBERTS—please notice the hex-tra hess—could

have condysended to make such rewelaysuns on certain delioate subjects, I can't understand, I'm quite sure as his young Senior Partner, Gentlemanly BERTRAM as we calls him, would have draw'd the line at Figs and Waste Tubs, and such low things. Would he go a betraying of the perfoundist secrets of his Asistants? Suttently not, for, as the Poet says, "It isn't his nature to." As regards the question of waste of Wittels, I've nothink to say to such rubbish. It isn't in my line, and leaves it to them as has stronger stum-mocks, than an Hed Waiter. Tho if they are a going to make Dainty Dishes out of Refuse, a blo will be struck at Igh Living at which the werry profoundest Chef may well tremble.

But I now turns with a si to my own spechal greevances. There appears in the Article which I am nothings both in sorrow and in anger, the following liebellyous line, all in capittal letters by itself:

"ROBERT DRINKS THE HALF-BOTTLES."

As I sed the other day, when I fust red this fowl callumny, I thort I would go to my Loryer and bring a haction, and I went to Mr. Komsrs near the Old Baley, who told me that he was sorry to say as a haction woodn't lie. I at wunce natrally said as I didn't want it to lie, but to speak the onest truth, when he larfed and said, my good

dear ROBERT you are too good for this world, and he sent me away much disapinted. But how satisfactory it is to be thoroly appreciated!

Well now then, let any gent who nose what an Hed Waiter is, how by slow degrees he rises from the vulgarrity of a mere chophouse to the dubble refined luksury of a Grand Otel, let such a Gent try and fancy such a Waiter condysending to drink syraptishusly a stale hart bottle of meer common Beer! Why the thing's not only a hinsult but a hartless one, and I feels it deeply. An occasional glass or too of one of my favrit brands of Champagne is of coarse quite *Hotter Shoes*, as the French says, and I am pleased to hobservo as how as that Mr. ROBERTS recognises the fareness of the crangement. I for myself cannot emadgin a more hawful torture for an Hed Waiter of refin'd tastes and dellycate apptyte, than for to be passing his hevenings amid the most exquisitest dellycassys that Hart or Natur can produce, and to be xpected to be content with meer vulgar Mutton and Beer! Brown, who's a bit of a Skoller, says that the life of Tantalus would be nothink to it. I bleeves as he was a sort of permanent Waiter who was allus a longing for what he couldn't get, pore fellar!

Having disposed of one matter to my own entire sattisfaeshun, I now turns with summat of a tremble to another werry dellycate subject. The rude and coas Questioner calls it tipping, me and Mr. ROBERTS—wot a pare as regards egsperience, ROBERT and ROBERTS!—calls it ginerosity. But when my partner goes into detales he gits jest a little mixt. For instance, he says that if a waiter serves a dinner for 12, thoroly well, five shillings isn't too much for him. Well I shoud think not indeed, five shillings for 12! why its only fipence a pease. Why I nose a sillybrated place where we allus looks for a shilling a head, and amost allers gits it. And why?—tho' it was amost too bad of Mr. R. to menshun this little infurmity of pore human natur—but the fact is so; them as ain't ginerous is nerwous and wunders what we shall think of 'em, and awoides our eye like a giltly thing as they goes skulking away with our sixpences in their unholy pockets. But wot a perfectly orful state of things he rewals in the low Chophouses in the City. Fancy a reel City Cook condysending to reeseve a misserabel penny for picking out a nice Chop or Stake for the himpeunsons Sibberrite!

It seems however as the Cooks has struck and run the price hup to tuppence. Mr. R. says this is like the happytite increasing by wot it feeds on. I never seed one of these remarkabel fine speesimens myself. Wot a werry welcome gost he wood be at the shilling Ordinary neer Newgate! There is one house tho' as is quite after my own Art as described by him, where ewery customer is xpected to pay 3d. to the carver as wheels round the jints, 3d. to the waiter as brings the dishes, 3d. to the hed waiter as brings the Bill, and 3d. for the table money. That's reely sumthink amost sublime, and if they has plenty of customers, not so werry bad a place for a Hed Waiter to retire to wen he's quite past work. Mr. R. winds up his rayther free-spoken information by expressing the bold opinion that there will always be what he rayther indellicately calls "tipps," until the Millenium cums, witch I umbly presooms is a long ways off. To witch I takes the libberty of adding, and I speaks with a long and waried experience, no, not even then, unless you so changes human natur as to do away with grattitood, and to do away with ginerosity, and to do away with hungry waiters and with stingy masters.

ROBERT.

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

"WOULD you have shut up SOCRATES?" asked Lord COLERIDGE of Dr. RUTHERFORD, one of the witnesses in the Weldon case, last week, who cautiously answered "I don't know." But would, or could Lord COLERIDGE, himself, have "shut up SOCRATES?" We venture to think that he could not, even if he had thoroly mastered the Socratic method. No doubt Lord COLERIDGE remembers the one striking instance of SOCRATES being shut up by the only person who could shut him up thoroly and, and that was his wife. It is recorded in the idiomatic *Argo* dialect which characterises the celebrated

Διαλογοὶ Κορδαλίου. Κ. 3.

"Μὴ θῆρ, σὺδ Σωκράτης, ἢ πῶς λέγεις τῆς θήης ταντα."

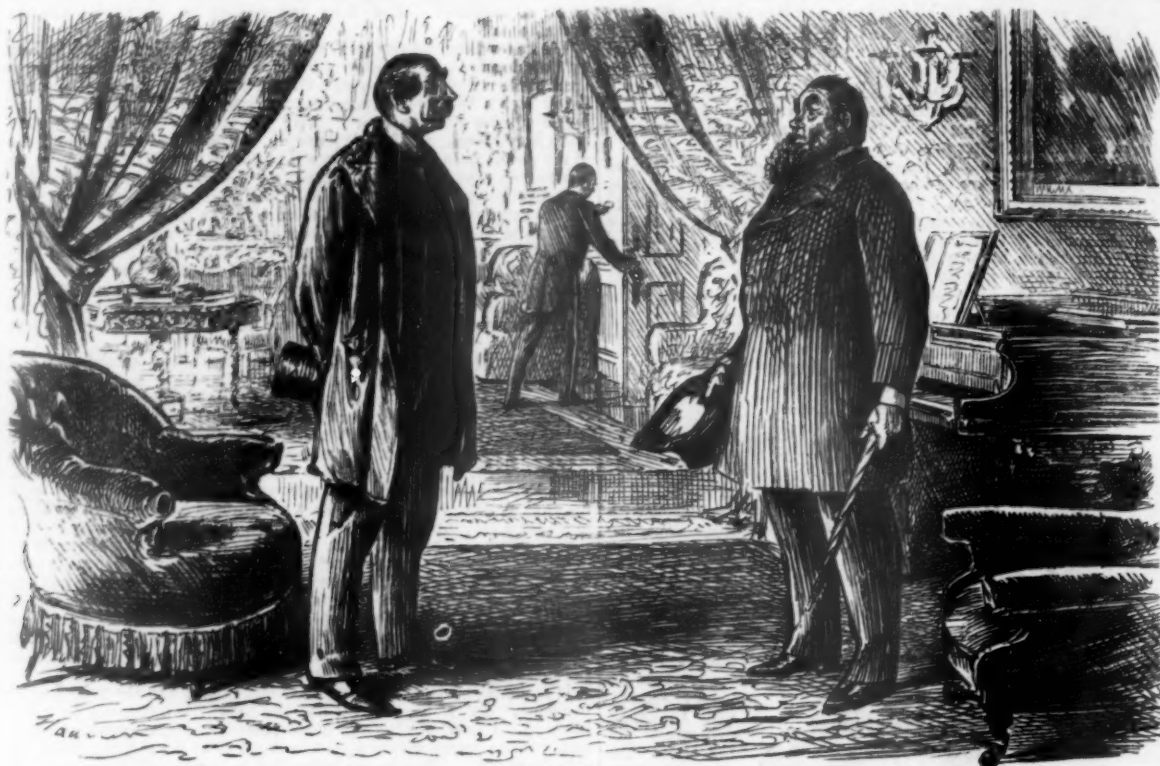
"Τοῦτο τὸν ἀλυστὰ νομοῖς σκεπὺς!" κρὶς Εὐκλῆς. "Μεταφράσις, ἔλδον!" Σο Εὐκλῆς πῶς βοῦντι ἀν ἀποφ Σωκράτης. "Ἦδες βεργῶντο ἄργυ, βὺτ ἤρουν ἰσαλφ ἥλεις ὑνυβὶ Εὐκλῆς. Σο ἡ βεργῶντο σελῶντο βέλας θίρε διδρῶναι. Σελῶντο Σωκράτης."

The expression "ἥλεις ὑνυβὶ" will recall the passage to most of our readers. No doubt Lord COLERIDGE had this in his mind, when he asked Dr. RUTHERFORD if he would have "shut up SOCRATES."

A Horrible Idea!

(To the Clerk of the Works at the British Museum.)

WHAT! pison the pigeons! O shame! hear the cries on 'em! Poor pison'd pigeons! suppose they'd made pies on 'em!



SIC VOS NON NOBIS.

(The eminent Publishers, *Grubham and Sharpe*, call on their favourite Novelist, *Netherclift*, about a new Serial.)

Grubham. "ULLOA, SHARPE! I SAY! WHAT LUXURIOUS ROOMS! AND A MAN SERVANT IN LIVERY, BY JINGO! WHY I HAVEN'T GOT BETTER MYSELF!" *Sharpe*. "YES, CONFOUND IT! SO THIS IS WHERE ALL OUR PROFITS GO TO!"

THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS
AND MICE.

THE strenuous toils of mimic Mars I write,
The springs of contest and the fields of fight;
How Liberal Mice advanced with warlike

grace,
And battled with the croaking Tory race.
No louder shindy shook Olympus' towers,
When earth-born Titans smote the immortal

powers.
Their mighty deeds demand a mighty song,
So wake, recording Muse, and cut along!

Ranged o'er the flats that crown the reedy
shore

The embattled hosts contend, as oft before,
For right of rule supreme o'er field and marsh.
Now to the champions of the croakers harsh,
Now to the nibbling race's heroes tall,
The fight inclineth and the honours fall.
The Mice most often, such are Jove's decrees,
Win in the wars, and dominate with ease
Pelusia's far-reaching flats and fens.
But—for the ways of Mice are much like

Men's—
High confidence inspired by long success
Off in its turn engenders carelessness,
Division prompts, indiscipline instils,
Brings croppers dire, and ends in nasty

spills.
So with the furry phalanxes arrayed
By great PSICHARPAX; broken and betrayed
By counsels cross and vacillating will,
In vain their valour and in vain his skill.

Great PHYSGNATHUS, of the froggy host,
High-swollen chief, and Frogdom's youthful

boast,
Pert POLYPHONUS, bactrian renowned
For boastful speech and turbulence of sound,
These, 'vantaged by wide variance 'midst
their foes,
Contrived their fall, and to their places rose.

Raged universal Mousedom at the sleight,
And roused its hosts and ranged its ranks for

fight.
Not long, they swore, the croaking race should

hold
Their stolen honours. MERIDARPAX bold,
Brummagem's pride, and glory of the House,

And more a Mars in combat than a Mouse,
His actions briak, robust his well-knit frame,
Young, but already of resounding fame;—
This warrior, singled from the fighting crowd,

Boasts the dire honours of his arms aloud,
Then strutting near the lake with looks elate,
Threats all its nations with impending fate.

Him POLYPHONUS marks and loud defies,
The fire of fight in his protuberant eyes.
Well matched, these champions of the reedy

flat,
This one the nimbler, and the stouter that.

EMBASICHTYROS, sleek and silvery chief,
Of puss-like fur, of polished speech and brief,
With tender CALAMINTHIUS counters blows
More keen than ponderous. CALAMINTHIUS

knows
Chivalry's rules, and views with scornful
smile

Protagonists of the "big and bouncing" style.

The goggle-eyed CRAUGARIDES croaks out
Defiance at ANTOPHAGUS the stout,
Bland burly chief whose bludgeon-blows beat

down
The spiteful proddings of the Frog whose

frown,
Glassy and grim, Medusa's horror apes,
Yet wakens laughter and gives birth to

japes.
The brave LICHENOR, of the impassive face,
Fronts loud HYPSEBOAS, he who pushed from

place
Mild CALAMINTHIUS, and usurped his post
As honoured Captain of the hopping host.

Nor these alone, but many a hundred more
Of Frogs and Mice throng to the rushy shore,
Intent on crowning onset. Even he,
Hole-seeking TROGLODYTES, ever free

At flouting his Mouse-fellows, follows now
Their lifted standard with unfaltering brow.

But now the great PSICHARPAX shone afar,
A venerable chief well versed in war.
Long time the warrior in his tent abode,
Like great Achilles, silent. Now he strode

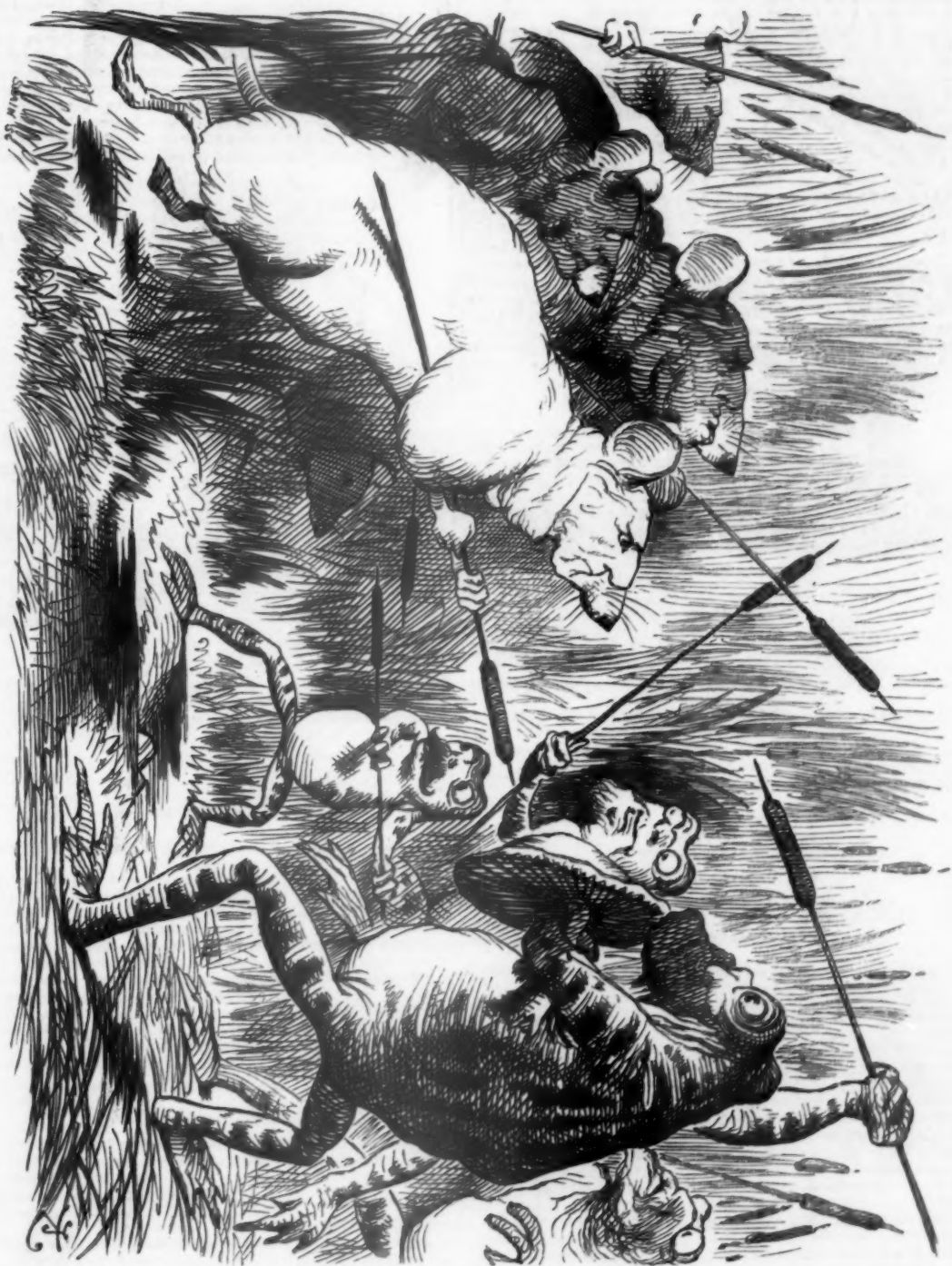
Swift to the front of battle, and upbore
The banner oft to victory borne before.
The lesser chiefs may babble, and may boast,
He, he alone, may lead the whole Mouse-

host!
The black-furr'd hero, MERIDARPAX, shakes
A threatening spear, but second place he

takes
To proud PSICHARPAX, whose prodigious
stroke

No froggy champion ever foiled or broke.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVAR.—NOVEMBER 28, 1885.



THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND MICE.

(After HOMER.)



This saw PELOBATES, and from the flood
Raised with both hands a monstrous mass of mud;
The cloud obscene o'er all the warrior flies,
Dishonours his pale face and clouds his eyes.
Indignant, fiercely spattering, from the shore
A stone, immense of size, the warrior bore,
Asks ten degenerate Mice of lesser days;
Full on the leg descends the crushing wound,
The Frog, supportless, writhes upon the ground,
Face-cleared PSICHARPAX holds his conquering course,
And takes the headship of the furry force;
Whilst in the vanguard of the froggy bands,
Haughty, high-shouldered PHYSIGNATHUS stands.

Now front to front the serried armies frown.
Shall Frogdom perish, or shall Mousedom drown?
The Chiefs, conspicuous seen and heard afar,
Give the loud sign to loose the rushing war.
Here halt, O Muse, nor venture to divine
Which way Jove's golden balance shall incline!

ALL MY EYE ART.

WHAT shall he do who cometh after the Rus-Kin? Something novel and original, and Professor HERKÖMER is evidently going to do it. In his first Oxford lecture, last week, he said:—"Art is the result of seeing with a privileged mind through the trained eye." He alludes



Professor HERKÖMER, A.R.A., giving a practical illustration of Local Colouring.

to Eye Art. Had *Hamlet* a "privileged mind" when he saw with its eye his father's ghost? What is a "privileged mind"? How is an eye "trained"? By running it along a line? By always keeping the pupils under the lash, and by invariably "letting the Eyes have it"? The New Comer, the Herkömer, will answer these queries in his next lecture. He announced his intention of "painting heads in the presence of his audience." Whose heads? The Heads of the Colleges? This will be most amusing. And what capital fun about Pantomime time! There will be a great rush to see the various heads of his lecture being painted. Of course he will draw them first with a Slade Pencil!

SONG AND SUGGESTION.

SIGNOR TOSCI's new Song, advertised with the title, "*The Love that came too Late*," suggests the question, "Too late—for what? Dinner?—Supper?"

"The soup is gone, the fish is cold, | At least this at the door was told
Alas! we could not wait!" The Love that came too late!

This is suggestive; and we make Mr. WEATHERLY a present of it. What a changeable disposition is suggested by the name of WEATHERLY. Like the immortal Mr. PETER MAGNUS, he must afford his friends considerable amusement—his songs give them a great deal of pleasure—by coming out at different seasons as Bad Weatherly, Good Weatherly, Queer Weatherly, Strange Weatherly, Cold Weatherly, Horrible Weatherly—but there's no end to it. Just the very name for a song-poet.

THE RIGHTS OF IT.

Interior of a Suburban Railway Carriage. Various Well-Informed Persons discovered deep in the "Continental Intelligence" of their respective daily papers.

First Well-Informed Person (putting down paper). Hum—puzzling affair, this Serbian and Bulgarian business. One really scarcely knows which side to take.

Second Well-Informed Person (with interest). No,—that's just it. I'll be hanged if one can make out what it's all about. (*Tentatively.*) I suppose though the Serbs have a case against this fellow, Prince ALEXANDER?

Third Well-Informed Person (emphatically). Not a bit of it. That's just what they haven't got. It's all the other way about. No; it's King MILAN who is the aggressor. He has started the whole business for dynastic purposes, and as for the people, they don't care twopence-halfpenny about the quarrel.

First Well-Informed Person. That's just what strikes me. But what are they fighting for, then?

Second Well-Informed Person. Oh, it's clear enough why they are fighting. It's because the Conference took such a time interfering, and let the tension get too great. They were bound, you know, to fight if nobody intervened.

Third Well-Informed Person. No, that's not it. Who, I should like to know, could have intervened? Not the Three Emperors: nor France, nor Italy, nor could we. The Conference, too, didn't meet to take cognizance of this business. Their concern was simply with the Roumelian Question. Turkey is the proper Power to intervene,—that is to say, if it can.

First Well-Informed Person. That's just what I think. But why can't Turkey intervene?

Second Well-Informed Person. Surely that's obvious enough. Why, it's afraid of Russia, of course. The Bulgarian Question is the Russian Question. Everybody knows that.

Third Well-Informed Person. No, I beg your pardon. Austria is the Power that is most interested in what is going on at the present moment in the Balkans. The Bulgarian Question is really the Austrian Question. That's quite clear. Why, it is Austria that has egged on King MILAN. That's why he attacked Bulgaria.

First Well-Informed Person. Exactly. That is what I say. He attacked it to restore the *status quo ante*.

Second Well-Informed Person. Just so. But why does Serbia want to restore it? That's what I can't make out.

Third Well-Informed Person. Plain enough. Serbia wants to restore the *status quo ante*, because she means to go in for fighting at any price. That's what all the row is about.

First Well-Informed Person. So I thought. But still I can't make out why she should want to fight.

Second Well-Informed Person. Well, yes. It is a very puzzling question. I suppose, though, SALISBURY knows the ins and outs of it.

Third Well-Informed Person. SALISBURY? No—not he—no, nor anybody else!

[*Left, together with First and Second Well-Informed Persons, groping about in a fog.*]

THE UNAUTHORISED VERSION.

(From Lord R. Churchill to Messrs. Routledge.)

MY Speeches in one vol, for publication!

"I! Knew it!"

Never! You hadn't got my approbation,

You'll rue it!

ROUTLEDGE, you're under some Hal-

Lucy-nation!

Don't do it!

(From Messrs. Routledge to Lord Randolph.)

The publication was a risk, a bold 'un.

Your speeches, silvern; but your silence,

golden.

It is, you will admit, your special glory

To be the type of Democratic Tory.

Now—*adieu* omen for your future years,

We break the type up. Lo! it disappears.



Mr. Routledge, in a Lucy'd interval, smashes the type of the Democratic Tory Leader.

A WORTHY PAIR.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN says that Mr. BAKING, of Walthamstow, who tried to make him out a Positivist and a contributor to the *Fortnightly Review* before it existed, is over-bearing, but that Mr. MARRIOTT is past bearing. Fancy Mr. Wheelabout Turnabout MARRIOTT trying to put the screw on JOE, who can "kick up hind and afore"—and let Mr. W. T. MARRIOTT have it rather hot, too.



"RIDICULOUS!"

Ethel (who really thinks she must clean some of her old Gloves this Winter, times are so bad). "DO YOU SELL KID-REVIVERS!"

Chemist, "YE—YER, M'M. I THINK YOU'LL FIND 'MRS. GUMMIDGE'S INFANT CORDIAL' A MOST EXCEL—"

[Confusion.]

HECKLING A HECKLER.

THAT a fool may ask more questions than a wise man can answer we already know, on old, and excellent authority. But it seems that, when the foolish questioner is himself questioned by a wiser interrogator, he doesn't always, as the Americans say, "make much of a show" himself.

A Conservative farmer at Shrewston, we are told, lately put Sir THOMAS GROVES, the Candidate for the Wilton Division of Wilts, through his facings with a series of questions. Well, one good turn deserves another; so, when he had finished his catechism, up jumps a labourer—like his newly-enfranchised impudence!—and asks to be allowed to question the farmer. This is something like the flock preaching to the pastor, the pews reading homilies to the pulpit. And the labourer's questions seem to have been smashers.

The farmer had expressed an opinion that "the labourer would be better paid if corn were taxed." CHAPLIN, LOWTHER, & Co., would doubtless agree with him, and had perhaps inspired him. But this awkwardly inquisitive labourer didn't. "Wasn't it six shillings a week, and barley bannocks, when the corn was taxed?" asked he, with almost epigrammatic audacity. Smasher No. 1! Farmer didn't come up to time with any answer, not having CHAPLIN, LOWTHER, & Co. at hand to prompt him with some plausible fiscal sophism, by way of counter. So that awkward customer of a labourer pegs away again. "Can you tell of a single measure benefiting the tenant farmer which was passed by the Beaconsfield Government?" Come that's a wider hit, and less of a flopper! Yet the farmer again "goes down to avoid," and answers not. Smasher No. 2! "Haden't the Liberals protected them from the raids of ground game? Had they not given them compensation for improvements, and abolished the Malt-Tax?" To this "one-two-three" the farmer does reply. But instead of

countering his persistent foe with a spanking negative, he, we are told, "amid much excitement, admitted this was true." Which amounts, at most, to "taking his punishment like a man." Smasher No. 3! The three rounds on this merry mill, Labourer v. Farmer, went all, therefore, in favour of the former.

It is stated that "the labourer was loudly cheered." No wonder! If this is the way in which the New Rural Voter sets to work, long-despised HODGE will "make some of them sit up," before long.

COMMUNICATED.—A School-bored Boy writes, indignantly, to know why he was plucked for an Examination, when he answered every question right, specially this one about the Horse, which he was asked to describe. "This is the way I did it, and showed 'em I knew what a Cow was as well," says our School-bored Boy:—

"The Horse is a noble creature, and so is the Cow: he gives us milk and has four legs, one at each corner, and a tail in the middle, and horns at the other end; but not the Horse. If you hit him he won't do it again. He only kicks at the back. The End."

And the School-bored Boy was plucked for this!! Too bad.

"STOCK A BUY BABY."—See an article, with this heading, in last week's number. Mr. Punch begs to acknowledge a number of letters protesting against "the infant," S. CROMMIE's, being considered a member of "The House." No children are admitted: and no member of the Stock Exchange is permitted, by the rules, to advertise.

MR. PUNCH has received "a Presentation Cartoon from Society." It is drawn by PHIL MAY, and certainly MAY has managed to fill the page with some excellent likenesses, though Mr. Punch's Showman doesn't appear "to have come out very well." However, "The promise of May" has been most satisfactorily fulfilled.

A BALLAD IN POSSE.

(As Sung by Hodge, and Dedicated to Mr. Jesse Collings.)

THEY'VE raised my wages half-a-crown,—

But what's the use of that?

Here's twice the price for PEGGY's gown,

The same for my new hat.

Then cheese and butter risen too

And bread gone up as well.

Come, what's a chap like me to do?

Ah! who on earth can tell?

I only knows I've got it hot!—

Fair Trade, Fair Trade,—I love thee not!

Protective tariffs, so they said,

Would see my troubles o'er.

But all they've done's to bring instead

The wolf inside my door.

"Protective tariffs" won't go down

With empty plate and cup.

What good's a rise of half-a-crown

When prices all go up?

"Protective tariffs?" No,—they're rot!

Fair Trade, Fair Trade,—I love thee not!

THE MAN FOR THE PLACE.

AMONG the various questions asked in the House of Commons—that's the place for "heckling" during the Session—arose from time to time inquiries, put to the late ATTORNEY-GENERAL, as to the distinction between "contentious" and "non-contentious business" in connection with his office.

The present ATTORNEY-GENERAL seems desirous to undertake the "contentious business" department; for at Burton-on-Trent, on being rudely interrupted at a Conservative Meeting, Sir RICHARD WEBSTER informed the unmannerly persons that, if any one of them would come outside the Hall, "he would accommodate him" for ten minutes. "The First Law Officer of the Crown" is an excellent title for a gentleman so ready to punch a nob. Dash his wig, but he is clearly the very man for "contentious business," and knows how to take the law, literally, into his own hands. We shouldn't like to oppose the Attorney. What! fight WEBSTER! No! Walker! Get our heads in Chancery? No thank you—we prefer "Crown Cases Reserved."

"HALF-HOURS WITH A NATURALIST."—Good book. Reasonable time. Title to match. Half-minutes with a Metaphysician.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 26.



THE REFORM CLUB.

AN UN-SERVICE-ABLE FRANCHISE.

THE subjoined list of questions to be asked of Lodgers and Persons claiming to vote under the "Service Clauses" of the Reform Act, is (or ought to be) found in the very latest "Manual for the use of Revising Barristers":—

1. In your present situation are you allowed a whole latch-key all to yourself, or do you go shares with somebody else? Who may be said to "hold the key of the situation?"
2. Does your employer invariably know you're out, when you are out?
3. Have you, as occupant of your room, power to wipe your feet on the inside doormat, or merely to make use of the outside scraper? When seeking admittance, do you give a loud and lordly rap at the knocker, or humbly pull the area-bell?
4. Have you ever any washing, and if so, who pays for it?
5. Would you consider it within your rights, as tenant of a "top-floor back" above your employer's business premises, to throw that gentleman down several flights of stairs if he objected to your keeping a barrel of liquid nitro-glycerine in your apartment?
6. Are you habitually allowed one inch, or two inches, of candle when you go to bed?
7. Is the menial who blacks your boots in your employ, or your Landlord's? If neither, and you black your boots yourself, state what maker's blacking you use.
8. Is the bolt of your bedroom on the inside or outside of the door?
9. Is your employer in the constant habit of putting total strangers into your bed without asking your consent, or giving you the slightest warning, and if so, what is your way of expressing your surprise upon finding them there when you retire to your couch at midnight?

FREE AS AIR.

AMONG the Court announcements the other day appeared the following:—

"The freedom of Windsor will, it is understood, be presented to Prince HENRY by the Corporation."

The question naturally arises, in what does the "freedom" of Windsor consist, and how will Prince HENRY be able to enjoy it? Does it mean a gift of Windsor soap, or the presentation of a Windsor uniform? Or does it merely imply that the Prince will have the privilege of walking about Windsor where he likes, as a kind of isolated "Windsor stroller"? Perhaps his "freedom" may pass him to the State Apartments on closed days, or give him the right of crossing over the grass? Or it may possibly involve some relief from undue detention within the walls of the "Augusta tower," to which, it appears, his Highness has been consigned during his stay in the Royal Borough. If this is the case, it has been certainly thoughtful of the Corporation.

Cases for Colney-Hatch.

FROM returns in a recently-published Blue-Book on the subject of Lunacy, it appears that among professional men those most remarkably apt to go out of their mind are Civil Engineers. "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact;" and imagination overwrought by the Civil Engineer, perhaps rendering him "compact" with the poet, tends to set his eye likewise "in a fine frenzy rolling." Strange perhaps to say, the statistics of insanity supply no confirmation to the saying, "As mad as a hatter."

ESSENCE OF MIDLOTHIANISM.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.



a speaker less practised than myself. In mind's eye all the time I was speaking, there was Grand Cross's spectacled face, with his head cocked a little on one side like contemplative sparrow listening to every word and ready to answer it. Shook me a bit, I own, especially at first speech. Partly got over it, with practice; but trust Cross won't do it again.

Wednesday, 11th.—Spoke in Free Assembly Hall this afternoon. Discourse on Disestablishment. Hall crowded partly with grim Dissenters wanting to hear me declare for Disestablishment, partly with determined Churchmen prepared to go over to the enemy if I did, and then Grand Cross always at my elbow ready to answer me, whatever I say. What can a man do? Necessary that I should speak for an hour. Equally necessary that I should say nothing. Can I do that? I'll try. . . . Have tried, and think I succeeded pretty well. Audience cheered all through. A little hitch once when I spoke of Church Question not being at the door, but at the end of a long vista. Disestablishment men growled. But if I'd said the reverse—question at doors not at the end of a long vista—Churchmen would have growled. So it comes to the same thing. Explained that when I said question at the end of long vista, meant it only in a Pickwickian sense and immediately changed the subject. This seemed satisfactory, for they cheered again, and things amicably arranged themselves. Fancy I took the right line, walking exactly in the middle of the road, leaning neither towards Establishment or Disestablishment.

Thursday, 12th.—Here's the papers. Let's see what they say. Fancy they'll descend on the skill and dexterity with which I avoided difficulties. I know how it will run:—"Mr. GLADSTONE had a most difficult task to perform at Edinburgh yesterday. Hurried, on the one hand, into a precipitate declaration in favour of Disestablishment; held back, on the other, by an influential party who threaten to throw their vote into the Conservative Ballot-box if he encourages the hopes of the Free Churchmen; the Right Hon. Gentleman steered a middle course, happily escaping alike the Scylla of Disestablishment and the Charybdis of the Church." That's the sort of thing, especially Scylla and Charybdis. I have known them in all circumstances through more than fifty years of newspaper reading. [Opens batch of newspapers and reads.] Hallo! What's this? Both sides down upon me. "Mr. GLADSTONE has put a heavy strain upon the fidelity of the Liberal Party in Scotland," say the Free Church papers. "It is all very well for Mr. GLADSTONE," say the Church papers, "to declare that Disestablishment is not a question for the new Parliament. How can he guarantee that, and what pledge does he give that the new Parliament may not be dissolved in twelve months, a new Parliament summoned, and

AVEN'T had time to write my Diary up from day to day. Must jot down recollections of the fortnight. A pleasant journey up. Made a few speeches at the stations, but did it in moderation. Made up the average on arriving at Edinburgh. Last time drove straight off to Dalmeny. But now got in pretty long speech immediately upon arrival at Edinburgh. Rather nervous at first. Couldn't get figure of Grand Cross out of mind. Exceedingly thoughtless of him to say what he did at the particular epoch he uttered it.

"I wonder," said he, "what Mr. GLADSTONE is going to say in Midlothian, because I am ready to answer him."

That would have been enough to upset altogether

Disestablishment carried with a rush?" [Throws down papers.] Pretty hard lines these. Thought I would please everybody, and instead seem to have riled everybody. Grand Cross will make a nice thing out of this. Shall go out and cut down one of ROSEBURY's trees.

Sunday Morning, 22nd.—Here endeth the Fourth Campaign. Spoke on Tuesday and again last night. Enthusiastic audiences. Seem to have got over difficulty about Disestablishment. Are quarrelling among themselves and leave me alone, which is pleasant. It's hard work this battling with prejudices. Wonder how SALLIBURY likes it. RANDOLPH doesn't mind. There's a lightheartedness about that youth that enables him to meet successive days and varying circumstances with an entirely new manner. What he said yesterday has no controlling influences over what he may say to-day, still less to-morrow. But the Markiss is a serious man and must feel the peculiar circumstances of his situation. Wonder if he really believes he has any chance of being kept in Office. Suppose he hardly can. Within a month I shall be Prime Minister again, and all the old familiar toil will weigh me down once more. How long will it last? Well, a year at least, and then I'll think it over again. Sometimes not quite sure that I shall not exceed PALMERSTON's record, and I'm a good many years off that. In the meantime here's the Fourth Midlothian Campaign over, and I am feeling as jolly as a sandboy—though what are the precise pursuits of a sandboy, and why they should conduce to excessive jollity of manner, I cannot conceive. Must inquire into that. Knowledge might be useful some day.

Now's Grand Cross's chance. He hasn't answered me yet, but he's been listening attentively, and I suppose before the week's out I shall be crushed.

A FLYING VISIT.

THE Cavendish Rooms. If names go for anything, this ought to be the place for a smoking-concert—an idea we



CAVENDISH AND BIRD'S-EYE.

Piping Bullfinch. "Wonder if smoking's allowed?"

time. There are not many popular entertainment competitors in the field; and if they are in the field at winter-time, they will be "out in the cold," which won't affect a Wild Brook, unless there's a tremendous frost. We wish him piping times in the Cavendish Rooms, and this must be taken, of course, as a puff.

ROUTLEDGE'S POCKET LIBRARY.—We've only just come across one of these volumes, and seeing it was intended for carrying in the pocket, we at once pocketed it. Any one calling at the establishment of GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS can become possessed of a similar volume in one of three ways: (1) by asking for it, and it being given him as a present; (2) by adapting it to his own pocket when neither GEORGE ROUTLEDGE or any one of the Sons is looking; (3) by simply—very simply—paying for it. The third volume, just out, is *Hood's Comic Poems*. We have not seen the preceding volumes, but if like this in type and binding, they can't be bettered. We hope the firm has sent a Christmas Copy to Lord RANDOLPH. His Lordship might select, for recital, "I'm going to Bombay."

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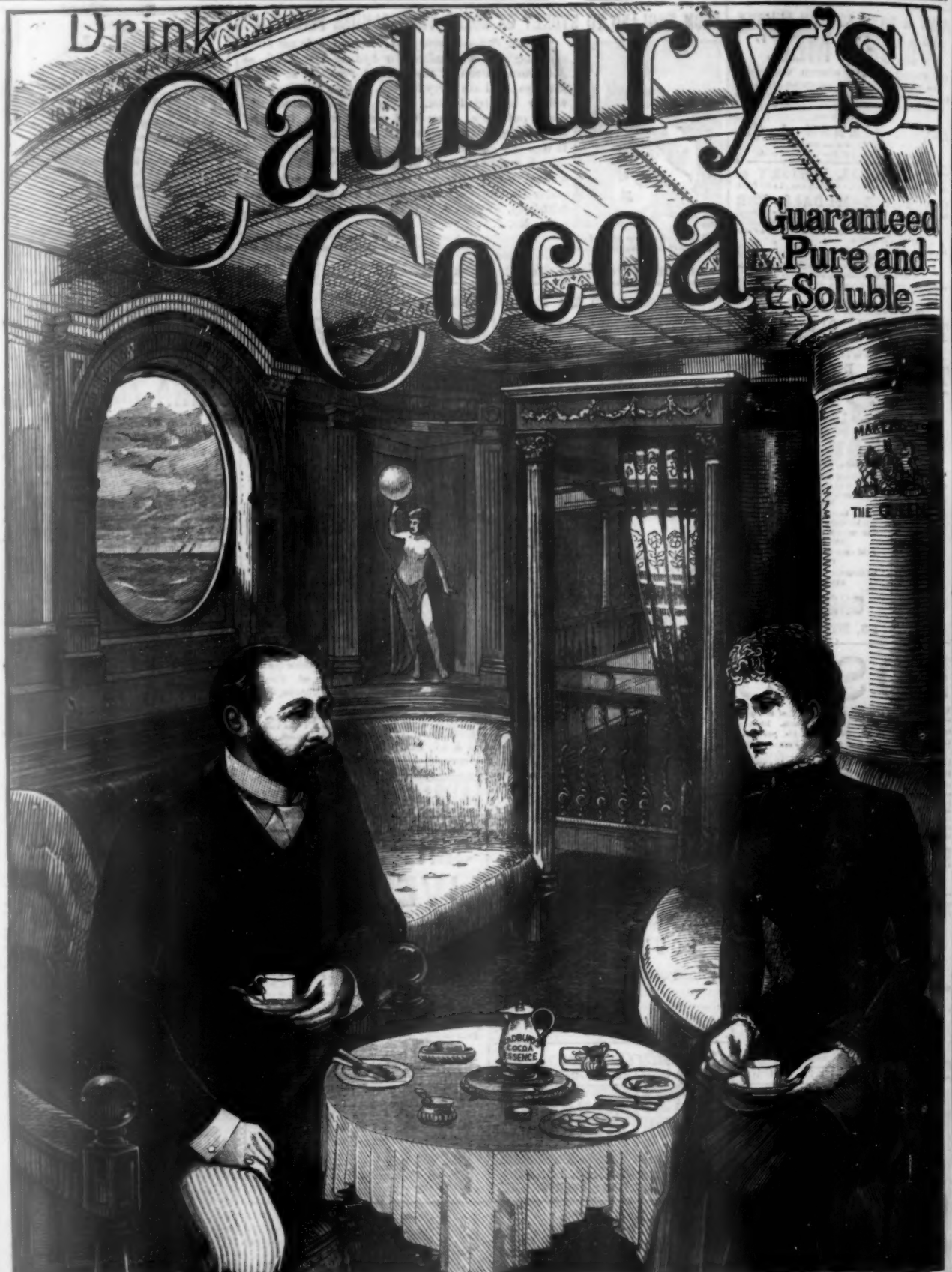
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